Which 1400 yeares agoe were nail'd,
For our advantage on the bitter Croſſe:
But this our purpoſe is but twelue months old,
And bootleſſe 'tis to tell you, we will goe.
Therefore we meete not now: then let me heare
Of you my gentle Coſin *Weſtmerland*,
What yeſter night our Counſell did decree,
In forwarding his deare expedience.

Weſt. My Liege, this haſte was hot in queſtion,
And many limits of the charge ſet downe;
But yeſternight, when all athwart, there came
A Poſt from *Wales*, loaden with heavy newes;
Whoſe worſt was, that the noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of *Herfordſhire*, to fight
Againſt the irregular and wild *Glendower*,
Was by the rude hands of that Welſhman taken,
A thouſand of his people butcherd:
Upon whoſe dead corps there was ſuch miſuſe,
Such beaſtly ſhameleſſe transformation
By thoſe Welſh-women done, as may not be
Without much ſhame, retold or ſpoken of.

King. It ſeemes then, that the tydings of this broyle
Brake off our buſineſſe for the Holy-land.

Weſt. This match with other like, my Gracious Lord;
Far more uneven and unwelcome newes,
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotſpur* there
Yong *Harry Percy*, and brave *Archibald*,
That very valiant and approved *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* met, where they did ſpend
A ſad and bloody houre:
As by diſcharge of their Artillery,
And ſhape of likelihood newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heate
And pride of their contention, did take Horſe,
Uncertane of the iſſue any way.

King. Here is a deare, and true induſtrious friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his Horſe,

Stain'd with the variations of each ſoyle,
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this ſeate of ours;
And he hath brought us ſmooth and welcome new
The Earle of *Dowglas* is diſcomfited,
Ten thouſand bold *Scots*, two and twenty Knights
Balkt in their own blood, did ſir *Walter* ſee
On *Holmedon* plaine: of priſoners *Hotſpur* tooke
Mordake Earle of *Fife*, and eldeſt ſonne
To beaten *Dowglas*, and the Earle of *Atholl*,
Of *Murrey*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*:
And is not this an honorable ſpoyle?
A gallant prize? Ha, Coſin, is it not? Infayth it is.

Weſt. A conqueſt for a Prince to boaſt of.

King. Yea, there thou mak'ſt me ſad, and mak'ſt me ſin
In envy, that my Lord *Northumberland*
Should be the Father of ſo bleſt a Sonne,
A Sonne, who is the Theame of honors tongue,
Amongſt a Grove, the very ſtraighteſt Plant,
Who is ſweete Fortunes Minion, and her pride;
Whil'ſt I by looking on the prayſe of him,
See Ryot and diſhonour ſtaine the brow
Of my yong *Harry*. O that it could be prov'd
That ſome night-tripping *Fairy* had exchang'd
In cradle cloathes our children where they lay,
And cal'd mine *Percy*, his Plantaginet!
Then would I have his *Harry*, and he mine:
But let him from my thoughts. What thinke you,
Of this yong *Percies* pride? The Priſoners
Which he in this adventure hath ſurpriz'd,
To his own uſe he keepes, and ſends me word,
I ſhall have none but *Mordake* Earle of *Fife*.

Weſt. This is his Unkles teaching, this is *Worceſter*
Malevolent to you in all aſpects:
Which makes him prune himſelfe, and briſtle up
The creſt of youth againſt your dignity.

King. But I have ſent for him to anſwer this:
And for this cauſe a while we muſt neglect
Our holy purpoſe to *Ieruſalem*.